A Revelation of Heaven

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A Singular Book.

We have on our table a singular publication, in the form of a pamphlet, from the publishing office of John Nichols, of this city, entitled "A Wonderful Revelation of Heaven by an Angel sent from God to Luzene Chipman." The authoress, Luzene Chipman, is a Quaker lady, living in the county of Guilford, and, we are told, is highly respected by all who knew her as a pious, christian woman of more than ordinary intelligence. She says, in the preface, that she publishes the book because she was commanded by the Angel to "take this and publish it to the world for the sake of the Lord Jesus."

Whether in or out of the flesh, as Saint Paul says, we cannot tell, but it is certain she professes to have seen some wonderful things, and she tells of them in a manner to convince the reader that she, at least, is convinced of the truth of the narration.

We believe the book-sellers of the city have the pamphlet for sale.

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WONDERFUL

REVELATION OF HEAVEN

BY

AN ANGEL SENT FROM GOD

TO

LUZENE CHIPMAN.

RALEIGH:
JOHN NICHOLS, BOOK AND JOB PRINTER AND BINDER.
1877.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1877,
By LUZENE CHIPMAN,
in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Wathington.

PREFACE.

DEAR READER:

My design in publishing this Wonderful Revelation of God's goodness to me, who am the most unworthy of all His children, is because I was commanded by the Angel to "Take this and publish it to the world, for the sake of the Lord Jesus." And this command rang in my ears for days, in so much that my spirit was pressed beyond measure. I could neither eat nor sleep until I promised my Heavenly Father to offer it to the public. And, dear reader, it is not for us to say to the Almighty "what doest thou?" but for us to obey His divine teachings, trusting all to the Lord, who is the disposer of events; for all the increase comes from Him.

I am aware that many exclaim against revelation in this, our day, as Enthusiasm, Imagination, or a Dream: but, dear reader, I do certify that this is no imagination, neither a dream; but that God, in His loving kindness and mysterious workings, saw fit to send His Angel and take my spirit and show me the happy home of the blessed and the glory that should be revealed through His dear Son Jesus Christ. Also, we are told that God is yesterday, to-day and forever; the same unchangeable being, and it is His prerogative to reveal to whom He will.

Therefore, I do most earnestly crave the prayers of all God's children of every name, that this Revelation may accomplish whereunto it is sent. That, after the expense of publication is settled off, if there should be a surplus, it is for missionary purposes and purposes of charity; therefore, I do most earnestly solicit the patronage of all to whom it may come; it will only be a dime or two, which will not be missed, and it may prove as great a blessing as the widow's mite.

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A Revelation of Heaven.

On the 7th of the 4th month, 1874, I was taken sick, and from the 13th was in an unconscious state two days and nights. And when consciousness was restored my mind was calm and quiet, and my trust was in my blessed Redeemer by a living faith. I thought the time was nigh at hand that I must die and leave this world, and I could say in truth, "Lord, thy will be done." That if I had finished the work that the Father had appointed for me to do, I was ready to meet the Messenger of Death; nothing appeared to be in my way. I most fervently prayed the Lord, that if there was anything that would hinder my reception, that He would show it to me. He soon gave me the desired evidence. Oh! He filled my soul with love, and I felt the comforting presence of my blessed Saviour to be very near and His arm of power to be underneath to bear my spirit up.

Thus I was waiting and listening to hear the cry, "Behold the bridegroom cometh," and while I was

waiting and listening to hear the summons, I was praying to the Father that it might please Him, not that I was worthy of such a privilege or such honor, but for the sake of Jesus, who had done so much for me and I so little for Him, that He would grant me that I might have a bright testimony of His saving power from the fear of death, and that I might glorify and praise His name with my last breath, that my friends and others who might witness the same might be brought to Christ for life and salvation.

Just at that moment there was spread before me a most beautiful white sheet of glass. It appeared to me to be about twelve inches square, with oval edges all carved and tinged with a golden hue. And as I looked upon it with astonishment, and wondering what it meant, a soft, sweet voice addressed me in the affectionate language of "Sister," and he said, "Thee may call me Brother." "Sister, give me thy hand." And as he stood near my left side I gave him my left hand, and as he took my hand I felt the pressure of his hand as plainly as ever I felt any one's hand. His hand was a slim and delicate one, and his sleeve, with a cuff on it perfectly white, was very neat. I was not permitted to see his face, for he had, it seemed to me, a white

satin robe thrown loosely over him, but I could hear his voice, every word he spoke, plainly and distinctly.

"Sister, give me thy hand, I have some things to show thee," and he placed me on that plate of glass and took me right up. I made no effort and neither did he appear to make any. We were raised up by the mighty power of God. The Angel said, "I will take thee up four blocks, then thee can see all that is below thee and have a better view of all above thee." He called them blocks; they appeared to me to be about eight or ten feet apart as we passed them. Each block had its plates, apparently to rest upon, extending through the whole space. They were beautifully carved and decked with gold. Each space appeared filled with the glorified and the redeemed.

And when we passed through the pearly gate the door of heaven was wide open for our reception. He said, here is a space of four miles square that is given for thee to see. I stood on that sheet of glass and he still held my hand. Oh! what a scene of beauty was presented! I said, "Brother, what glorious place is this?" He answered, "This is the Kingdom of our God, the New Jerusalem." And as I beheld the glo-

rious scene with astonishment and delight, I heard the sweetest and most melodious music on my right hand that ever saluted the mortal ear. The sound lingered long in the distance and softly died away. My very soul was charmed as the sweet sound subsided into perfect silence. And as I turned to look to my right hand I saw a company coming up before me, four abreast, all with their harps of gold well tuned to immortal praise. I said, "Brother, who are these?" He said, "These are that innumerable company that no man can number, that have come up through great tribulation out of every nation, kindred, tongue and people, and have washed their robes and made them white in the Blood of the Lamb; therefore are they before the throne of God and serve Him day and night in His temple, and he that sitteth upon the throne shall dwell amongst them. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them nor any heat; for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them and shall lead them unto living fountains of water, and God shall wipe all the tears from their eyes."

And as he talked to me this immense multitude still passed on and on, with their white satin robes

thrown over them, so beautiful and glistening, with their harps in their hands. They came, it seemed to me, from a block above the one on which we stood, passed down on it and then on the one below, and as they passed they touched their harps of gold, and oh! what strains of melodious music, enough to charm every soul, as the sound lingered long. They passed on, and others still coming up before us, raised the high notes of salvation to our God that sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb who has washed us from our sins in His most precious blood. These notes of high praises to God filled every soul with triumphant joy, and the whole heavenly host cried, "Glory and honor, and high majesty, and power, belongeth to our God." And then the golden harps were tuned anew, if it were possible, with sweeter melody; my soul, too, was filled with joy unspeakable, and I praised God with my feeble voice as we still stood looking at this immense multitude as they appeared and disappeared, and the happy spirits that filled the space between those blocks that we passed appeared gloriously happy. Just at that moment I saw a vacant space between those that raised the high notes and those that carried the harps, and I said, "Brother, may I not step in

there?" He answered, "Not now." I then said, "Brother, where is our little company of Friends or Quakers? I want to see where they are." He answered me, with a voice a little elevated, "We have no Quakers here, we have no Methodists here, we have no Baptists her, no Presbyterians here; none but those that believe on the Lord Jesus, God's dear children, and that is why it is so glorious."

(O, dear reader, what a lesson of instruction is here. No names in heaven; no partiality with God; all that take Jesus as their Saviour are God's dear children, both Jew and Gentile, rich and poor.)

It seemed that I was not satisfied. I then asked, "Where is our great preachers—Nathan Hunt and others?" He answered, "It is not for thee to distinguish or know individuals." I then felt perfectly satisfied, and I thought how wonderful it was that although there was such an immense multitude passing and repassing to and fro, yet there was no sound of any footstep, no jar, no shake, no coming in contact with another; each one moved in his own respective sphere.

And it seemed to me that the whole heavens were supported and held up by the mighty power of the

hand of Omnipotence—He who cast such a glorious light over the whole four miles square. It seemed to me that a more brilliant light was thrown on the outskirts than in the middle. I said to the Angel, "What a glorious light, with such a golden hue." "Yes," he answered, "but it is necessary for the Father's face to be veiled a little, for it is so bright and glorious that the angels cannot behold it." (This light far excelled our noon-day sunlight, and was as much above the brightness of the sun as our noon-light is to thick darkness; not a light that reflected heat, but bright and glorious.) And as we still lingered I was filled with amazement at the beauty, the majestic grandeur of the scene. I said, "Brother, how true it is that the City of our Lord has no need of the sun, neither of the moon nor of a candle, for the glory of God did lighten it and the Lamb is the light thereof." He said, "Yea; I will now take thee round and through the whole space that is given thee to see." We started on the right hand side. I did not move nor make any effort to, neither did I discover that the Angel did, but it seemed that we just sailed on a heavenly breeze that no language could describe. Scenes of new beauty continually presented themselves

before us—the golden passways or streets, the rich carved walks with diamond shades tinged with a golden hue; and O, how majestically grand were the checker works, perfectly white, that hung through every space we passed. No fine silk gauze or lace could bear any comparison for richness and beauty. It was looped up with gold lockets about two yards apart; the loops came a little below my shoulders and the folds hung near the golden pavement. This heavenly breeze that wafted us on, the odor thereof was so sweet; it had truly a sweet-smelling savor of the prayers of the saints that came up before the Lord perfumed by the merits of Jesus, upon which the soul might live forty days and nights without partaking of angels' food.

As we passed away round to the left I saw something that represented rather a different shade. I said, "Brother, where are the regions of darkness?" and he said, "That is not for thee to see." (I was not to see the pit of woe and misery where all those are driven who will not accept of Jesus as their Saviour; where the smoke of their torment will ascend forever and ever; but to see the glory that awaits God's dear children that believe the record that God has given of

His dear Son.) Then we passed through the middle of the whole space and stopped. He said, "I will now show thee the magnificent dome of heaven." I sat down on the sheet of glass whereon I stood. He said, "Recline thy head back on my wing." Oh! how beautiful were his wings. I had not seen them until then. As I placed my head over on his wing it came round to my right cheek. I felt its soft, downy feathers press my cheek as he held me up. I often put my hand to my cheek to see if it was not still there, for it seemed that I could feel it all the next day.

O, dear reader, would I had language to describe the beauty and magnificence of the scene that presented its height as far as my eye could see. "High up is the Father's Throne," he said. I viewed the great pillars on the right and on the left that supported it, and the smaller ones all along the whole line. On every side of these pillars were carved and hung with devices of gold and transparent glass, glistening and reflecting their golden shade. As I was gazing in wonder at the marvelous scene, I thought how often I had read that "eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive the things which God hath prepared for them

that love Him." I now see how true this is. O, dear reader, it grieves me to see how far short I come of giving a description of the Christian's home. The tongue of mortal man cannot describe it, and I have thought that the tongues of angels that have been taught to speak of the glories of heaven as they should be, would fall short of its richness and grandeur.

It will be with thee, dear reader, as it was with the Queen of Sheba when she came to see the wisdom and glory of Solomon—the half had not been told.

We then made towards the place where we ascended. I exclaimed, with a shudder, "O, Brother, please don't take me back to that poor world." "Yes," he said, "thee must go back a little while." So he brought me back, and as he was about to leave me he said, "Take this and publish it to the world for the sake of the Lord Jesus," and disappeared. This command rang in my ears night and day, for some time. I could neither eat nor sleep, my mind was so impressed with the subject and what I had seen and heard. Sleep was gone from my eyes until I promised the Lord that I would publish it. Yes, dear reader, the Lord sent His Angel and took my spirit and showed me the Christian's home. It is truly a glorious home,

and is worth forsaking all this world for. Reader, art thou a Christian? Hast thou accepted Christ as thy Saviour? If thou hast, then this glorious home is for thee; then look forward with joyful hope and let no one take thy crown. But if thou hast not known Christ in the pardon of thy sins, seek Him now; delay not, for now mercy is offered to-day, for now is the time "and now is the day of salvation." If you lose heaven you lose your all, "for what will it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul." O, think what would a man give in his dying hour to know that his peace was made with God. O, think what thou wouldst take for thy life in a perilous hour, to be delivered from the jaws of death; from that enemy that is in swift pursuit of thee to cut thee down. Think, I pray thee, think what thou wouldst give to be safely rescued from death. It is said that all that a man hath would he give for his life. O, dear reader, is this life all that we have to care for? This present life is transient, momentary and fast passing away. This body must soon be consigned to its narrow house and laid in the cold grave, to mingle with its mother dust, for "Dust thou art and unto dust thou shalt return." Yet there is an undying principle in man, a

precious, immortal soul, that must live through an everlasting eternity, happy with God in heaven or driven from Him into that pit of woe, "where the worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched." Oh! who can indure God's wrath in the day of judgment? O, then be persuaded to redeem the precious moments as they pass and take hold of every opportunity to secure thy everlasting peace.

Christ Comforteth His Disciples.

"In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you, and if I go and prepare a place for you I will come again and receive you to myself, that where I am you shall be also."

What an impressive and encouraging thought that Jesus will come and receive us to Himself, that we may behold His glory. How affectionately he addressed His disciples: "Ye believe in God, believe also in Me." Ye believe in God as the Supreme Ruler of the Universe, "Lord over all and blessed forevermore." Believe in Jesus as your Saviour and your Redeemer; your Mediator between God, the offended, and man, the offender, making peace for us. Therefore we may look to God for every blessing, but expect it through Jesus. Then may our hearts be cheered and comforted, for in Jesus we can have all that we need to fit us for heaven and make us a child of God. He can give us a "clean heart and renew a right mind within us;" He will give us a new life and new desires; in a word, "old things in us shall be done away with and all things shall be made new," for "I go to prepare a place for you in the Kingdom of eternal glory;" a blessed state, a home for all that believe and accept of Jesus as

their Saviour and live and die in the faith of the gospel.

Dear reader, think what Jesus has done and suffered for us; what love and compassion He has shown for lost sinners. He left the glory that he had with the Father and became the poor babe of Bethlehem, and when He became a man His path was strewed with sorrow. He traveled up and down the world doing good to the souls and bodies of men; forgiving sins, healing the sick, cleansing the leprosy, opening the eyes of the blind, unstopping the ears of the deaf, and the dead He raised to life. Reader, look at Him in the Garden of Gethsemane, when He said, "My soul is exceedingly sorrowful, even unto death." O, what agony he must have undergone when the weight of the sins of the world was upon Him; when His sweat became as great drops of blood, falling down to the ground. Thus He suffered, the just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God. Oh! glorious news! Infinitely meritorious were His sufferings, and above all, His eternal love that caused Him to undergo such sufferings to save sinners from eternal death. O, see Him at the Judgment Hall, falsely accused, reviled, mocked and spat upon, a crown of thorns upon His head—meekly bearing all for the sins of the world. Follow Him to the Cross; see Him raised between the heavens and earth and His hands and feet nailed to the rugged wood, there to suffer and die—the just for

the unjust. The sun refused to shine and darkness spread its gloomy shade over the earth, making the scene still more solemn. When He bowed His head and gave up the ghost, the veil of the temple was rent from the top to the bottom, and the earth did quake and the rocks were rent. It seemed that all nature sympathized with her suffering Lord. The plan that God had so wonderfully devised for the redemption of the world was so majestically grand and glorious, that the angels in heaven were struck with astonishment at the wonderful condescension and love of Christ and amazed at the incarnation of that object they had so long adored. O, reader, if the angels were deeply impressed with the glad tidings of the salvation of the human race, how much more should we be interested that are looking for so much benefit from it? O, reader, it was the Holy Spirit that moved the prophets to prophesy of the coming Messiah, the Son of God, and it is the same blessed Spirit that reveals Christ to us, and Jesus Christ can never be known to the redemption or salvation of any soul but by the revelation of the Holy Spirit, for it is the "Spirit that beareth witness with our spirits" that we are God's children. O, then, let us take courage and gird up the loins of our minds and fix them on that inestimable gift that God has given to save lost sinners. We may expect trials and tribulation as we pass on our heavenward journey, yet God's grace will

be sufficient for every trial, nor will He withhold anything that is for our good. Then we may with confidence and patience expect all that God has promised, "even to the utmost." Salvation, justification and glorification of soul and body will be given unto all God's children when "Christ shall come with His holy angels to judge the world."

O, dear reader, hast thou ever thought of the price that was paid for thy soul, that thou mighst be redeemed from the curse of the law and the yoke and bondage of sin and eternal death. O, it cost the precious blood of Jesus Christ. Silver and gold cannot redeem a soul from death, but it must be "a price of infinite value." God's righteousness required it. If created things could have redeemed man Jesus would not have had to been offered. God would not have had to give up the brightest jewel of heaven. No, nothing short of the price that God required, "a Lamb without spot, perfect, without a blemish," could be a sufficient ransom or oblation for the sins of the world. O, reader, hast thou ever considered the value of the precious blood of Christ? The imagination of man, with all his powers of intellect, cannot fathom it nor calculate its infinite worth. It was the Lamb of God that was required for a sin offering; the Lamb that was given from the foundation of the world, perfectly pure in soul and holy in life; "Jesus, the Lamb that beareth away the sins of the world." Yes, it

was the Lord Jesus that was appointed in the wisdom of God and sent into the world to be a Prince and Saviour, to give repentance and remission of sins to all that will obey the truth by believing in Him. He was chosen of God to be the Saviour of all men. There is no other name given under heaven amongst men whereby we can be saved but the name of Jesus Christ, who is the founder of the Church, the pillar on which it stands, and as Jesus was the chosen of God, we need have no doubts of the power and sufficiency of His merits to save to the uttermost all that will come to Him for life and salvation; for all that are united to Christ are accepted and made heirs of heaven; made members of that glorious body. Jesus took upon Himself the nature of man and laid down His precious life for all mankind, without respect of persons; yea, equally for all, for every man, and on the third day after his crucifixion and burial he rose from the dead and showed Himself for many days to His disciples and others, and then ascended to heaven, where He ever liveth to make intercession for us, and will continue to be the Mediator for the whole human race to all eternity. There is no forgiveness of sins, no salvation, but through Jesus Christ, and throughout the Scriptures His passion and death is considered a sufficient atonement, and all may find pardon and salvation by the shedding of His blood upon the Cross.

No human being since the fall neither has nor can

have merit or worthiness in or of himself to obtain the mercy of God but by Jesus Christ; therefore, I am bold to say, that pardon for sin and every other blessing promised in the gospel have been purchased by His sacrificial death, and it is given to every one that believeth, not on account of anything they have done or suffered, but for Jesus' sake, and through His merits alone; for all these blessings are received, not of works nor of suffering, but by faith in Jesus Christ.

Man is a free agent and is not impelled by any influence either to do good or evil, but has it continually in his power to chose life or death, which is set before him; therefore, he is an accountable being and answerable for his own conduct in life, and on this ground he is capable of being rewarded or punished. Every human being that has arrived at proper understanding has the freedom of will, with a sufficiency of light to direct his footsteps. This light God has sent into the world, "a measure of which is given to every man." It is not inherent in any man's nature, but is graciously bestowed on man by Him who is the true light and who enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world. Jesus Christ made, by His once offering Himself upon the Cross, a sufficient sacrifice and complete satisfaction for the sins of the whole world, and by His loving and gracious spirit strives with and enlightens all men and, consequently, all women, for all are one in Christ Jesus, thus bringing them into an

awakened state. Therefore, there is no plea, no excuse; every human soul may be saved if it will, for God has said that it is not His wish that any should perish, but that all should repent and be saved. Then, if we are not saved, it is our own fault.

O, dear reader, what more could Jesus have done for us in this state of probation than he has done? and He is now gone to prepare a place for us, a mansion in glory, at the right hand of God; yes, for all of every nation, kindred, tongue and people that accept Him as their Saviour and Redeemer.

And now, dear reader, in conclusion, it is my most fervent prayer that the divine favor may rest upon thee, and mayst thou receive from the source of all good whatever is calculated to make thee wise, happy, holy and useful; walking near to God and letting thy light shine not only by precept, but by example; consecrating thyself more fully to the service of our blessed Master, who will amply reward all His servants and give them a crown of glory, a robe of righteousness and a harp of gold, so that they may join the blood-washed millions in singing the new song of glory to God and the Lamb that has redeemed us by His blood.

LUZENE CHIPMAN.